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PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, JANUARY 15, 1915.

Many people mistake envy for political econ-
omy. It is easy for a man of moderate
income to see that a millionaire
ought to be disciplined.

Act Before It Is Too Late

THE protection of a people at peace is as
important as the protection of a people at
war.

The British nation is at war and its Govern-
ment is using all its powers to conserve
the supplies needed for the men in the field
and to maintain the lives of the people at
home. It has forbidden the export of wool
and rubber save under conditions which it
lays down. It would forbid the export of
foodstuffs if it raised them in large quanti-
ties.

But while the British are going into the
markets of the world to buy what they need
and are offering prices large enough to drain
the richest granaries of their stock, the Govern-
ment in Washington is inert.

The foreign demand for wheat is pushing
the price so high that bread is likely soon
to become a luxury. All records for recent
years were broken on the Chicago markets
yesterday. The price of flour has already
risen almost to famine figures here at home,
where we have the most bountiful harvest
since white men first stepped on the continent.
And the Government in Washington hesitates
to act.

But it must act. It must exercise its
sovereign powers and put an embargo on the
shipment of wheat until the price comes
down to a reasonable figure. And when the
price is down it must limit exports to such
an amount as we can spare without injury
to the poorest laboring man.

We are at peace, and hunger confronts the
working men; we are at peace, and the chil-
dren will soon be begging for bread; we are
at peace, and the aged will be thankful for
a crust—unless the Government puts up the
bars and stops the flow of the very bread of
life to other shores to feed other peoples.

If we were at war it would not hesitate
to keep our food supplies at home. If it
does not act soon it will be too late.

Let it save our food supply while there
is still time.

The Greatness of the Delaware.

MORE than one-third of the tonnage of
ships built in the United States in 1914
was constructed at the shipyards on the
Delaware River. The short stretch of the
stream from this city to Wilmington is one
of the greatest ship building centres in the
world. The construction companies here are
capable of turning out vessels which will
bear comparison with the best produced
elsewhere. These shipyards are a great
national asset, the value of which in time of
war or in time of peace cannot be over-
estimated.

But Philadelphia has not done its full duty
when it has swelled with pride at the con-
templation of its shipbuilding supremacy.
The Delaware must become not only the
centre of the greatest shipyards in the
United States, but the greatest shipping
centre of the world. This is a maritime
nation. It has reached that stage in its
development when it must command the
facilities for ocean transportation through
the ownership by its merchants of great
freight and passenger ships. There is no
other place so admirably situated for the
command of the raw materials of ships as
the port of Philadelphia and the Delaware
River. We are at the door of the great steel
mills and at the heart of a dense industrial
population, and with the intelligent and
sympathetic co-operation of the State and
National governments we can do much in
the next few years to assist in realizing that
vision of a magnificent merchant marine
which has appeared to men of imagination
and foresight.

A Yardstick for Politicians

The statement, you know, is the man who
can take an impersonal view of politics—
Woodrow Wilson to Samuel G. Blythe.

FROM REED'S remark that only dead politi-
cians are statesmen is only an epigram;
but this bitter dictum of the President, ut-
tered in the course of a long conversation with
a skillful interviewer, is a political and moral
philosophy, a system of ethics and a religion,
all rolled in one. Although, as Goethe said,
the ego may be the centre of every human
circle and the difference in men may be
measured by the difference in the length of
the radius which reaches to the circumfer-
ence, there are men so big that the casual
observer starting from the rim gets lost in
admiration before he reaches the centre.

But to descend from the general to the par-
ticular, one or two men in the Cabinet are
desolately wondering whether the President
was making any personal allusions when he
framed his definition.

The Disgusting Mexican Muddle

VILLA is preparing to destroy Carranza
and Carranza is getting ready to wipe
out Villa and Washington is waiting until
another convention selects another dummy to
put as President in the hope that it can find
some excuse for undoing the previous
mistake in its Mexican policy. This seems
to be the present situation so far as it can
be gathered from the conflicting reports.

The President's references to Mexico in
his Indianapolis speech, which the New
York Herald has characterized as the severest
criticism of the policy of the Adminis-
tration that has been uttered, indicate that
the Mexicans are now to be permitted to kill
one another to their heart's content without
interference from the United States.

They are fighting for "freedom" now, and
they must be permitted to struggle along till
they find some solution and we must keep
our hands off. This extreme of indifference
is as unwise and as unstatesmanlike as the
other extreme of deciding for the Mexicans
what they ought to do for themselves.

Meanwhile, Americans and other foreign-
ers across the border must submit to all
sorts of outrages, while Secretary Bryan re-
fuses to raise his hand to protest. It must
be said, to the credit of the Administration,
that it has sent a representative to the
Southwest to ask the Mexicans if they will
please be so kind as to refrain from shoot-
ing Americans on American soil, and at the
same time to tell the Americans to be care-
ful to keep out of range of the bullets.

If You Want to Vote in March You Are
for It, If Not, You Are Against It

GATHERING or marching together, tens
upon tens of thousands of earnest, back-
boned citizens last night branded the Taylor
transit plans with their approval and shoved
the whole proposition up to Councils in so
vigorous a manner that trifling with the
routine of its passage need not be antici-
pated, and, if anticipated, would translate it-
self into a deluge sweeping pigmy-minded
and pigmy-acting men into the discard.

The time has passed to argue seriously
whether or not Philadelphia shall have rapid
transit. Men do not ask if it is wise to have
water to drink, food to eat, clothes to wear.
There are some things the necessity of which
is axiomatic, and to the tens of hundreds of
thousands in our metropolitan district high
speed transit is one of them.

Of importance almost equal to the cam-
paign of education which has been waged
is the manner of its conduct. Never before,
we surmise, has a city met a public service
corporation with a hand so open and a mind
so fair. A tidal wave of public hostility
might have been stirred up against the ex-
isting company. Instead, it has in no way
been attacked. Full credit has been given
it for its obvious and wholly commendable
efforts to give full benefit with the facilities
at hand. So, too, dollar for dollar, the city
proposes to protect the company's invest-
ment, permitting it to stabilize its franchises
and establishment and share to the full in
the prosperity of the city.

The cordiality of relations between munic-
ipalities and public service corporations in
America will be lost and decades of progress
swept aside if the generosity of Philadelphia
in the present instance is ignored and the
company, of its own accord or through its
subsidiaries, attempts to sow and harvest in
the political field. And so unanimous is
public feeling in favor of rapid transit, that
opposition in Councils would be odorous and
the taint of suspicion fasten on each and
every obstructionist. More, to delay is to
obstruct. A June election if you are against
transit; a March election if you are for it.

Boles Penrose is for the program, definitely
and without equivocation. So he has written.
The whole public is for it. Who, then, can
hold it up? Unless discipline in the Organi-
zation is lost, what Boles Penrose says is
its law. All, all are on the band wagon ex-
cept a few stockholders of the Union Traction
Company who happen to be receiving
three times a generous interest on the funds
they have invested. But even if these few
stockholders hold up their own company they
cannot hold up Philadelphia. That was the
message of the demonstration last night—a
message to Councils and a message to the
Union Traction Company, a command to the
one and a stern warning to the other.

Let dirt instead of scandal fly this summer,
for unless shovels are busy with the other
investigation will be busy with the other.

The transit plans cannot honestly be defeated
in Councils nor can the election honestly be
postponed until June.

Auguries of Sanity.

THE floods in the Delaware and Schuylkill
Valleys have reached and passed high-
water mark. But more remarkable than the
height of the rushing waters is the absence
of a flood of exaggeration about the loss of
life and property. Previous freshets have
been accompanied by heartrending tales of
suffering, only to be denied as soon as the
crest of the wave had passed. There is no
longer a cry of "Wolf! Wolf!" when there
is no wolf.

We were surfeited with stories of atrocities
in the first weeks of the war, but it has
been difficult, if not impossible, to verify
one-tenth of the horrors. And now the dis-
criminating reader discounts all outrage
claims about 90 per cent, and suspends judg-
ment as to the rest. We are growing a little
sane and are using our judgment in weigh-
ing the probabilities of evil before swallow-
ing every superlative of horror that gains
currency at the hands of sensation mongers.
This is a sign of increasing public intelli-
gence as well as of a better mental balance.

Governor Bleasie has, and South Carolina
is, resigned.

All reports from Alabama indicate the ap-
proach of a great drought.

Those who remembered the old saying
about architects and fortunes knew that
Paul Cret was too good an architect to ap-
prove any plan which provided for his un-
timely taking off in Europe.

The New York boss who sold a nomination
for a judgeship and the man who bought the
nomination are now in Sing Sing prison
thinking about the men whom they know
have done the same thing without getting
caught.

If a merchant ship, drawing 28 feet, can
load at the Philadelphia wharves, what is to
prevent a Government collier of the same
draft from taking on Pennsylvania coal at
the same place? Is it politics, cowardice or
inefficiency?

Will Senator Borah, who says that the Pres-
ident is a base after the type of Murphy,
of Tammany Hall, please read Mr. Bryan's
letter on the importance of finding places for
deserving Democrats in San Domingo and
then classify the Secretary of State.

WASHINGTON A SPOILED AND SELFISH VILLAGE

Its Mental Attitude Responsible for
Freak Legislation—Put the Capitol
in a Real City and It Would Hum.

By EDWARD W. TOWNSEND

IF THE national legislatures working in
London, Paris, Berlin and Rome enact
more businesslike, less unsound and eccen-
tric legislation than is passed here in Wash-
ington, one reason for that excellence is be-
cause the work is done in big, grown-up
cities.

Washington is a village in its mental
processes; a selfish and spoiled little town
in its civic ideals and aspirations; no big
governmental problem attracts its attention;
the beginning and end of its interest in
Congress is that half the cost of carrying on
District affairs shall be met by expenditure
of Federal taxes appropriated by Congress.
The test of good citizenship here is that a
man be ready to die, if need be, in defense
of his privilege of paying but one-half of
his just share for the support of public
schools, police and fire departments and
such benefits.

If this were the only handicap to Washing-
ton as a national capital, the following re-
marks would be without a *raison d'être*.
There are others. One-third of the popula-
tion of the District is black, the other two-
thirds are civil service clerks and their fam-
ilies, not to mention the negligible number of
Congressmen, Administration officials and
idle rich.

No one votes in the District; the polling
place is unknown, the ballot-box is no more
a thing of substance than is Pandora's.
There are no variations of good and bad
times to make the citizens sit up and take
notice, to inquire as to the causes of such
stimulating variety.

Mental Dope

At the end of each month Uncle Sam un-
straps his wallet, be it thin or fat, and pays
off in full twelve times a year, and the
tradesmen have just as many customers
each, with as much money in hard times as
in flush. These conditions produce a mental
atmosphere devoid of snap, of punch, of pep.
If George Bernard Shaw were to live for a
week in a certain corner of California which
is below sea level he would write—if he could
write at all—stark banalities. The physical
atmosphere there is mental dope. You get
me?

I pause right here to assert that I am not
of those who hold the Congress in disre-
spect for lacking in intelligence and pro-
found purpose to serve their fellow-citizens
well. They are admirable in those and many
other respects. They work in unfortunate
environment; that's what I am coming to.

Many Are Truly Rural

Now, to resume. If we were all far-trav-
eled men of varied worldly experience it
would yet be unfortunate that we are more
or less influenced by the placid, uninspiring,
Sleepy Hollow mental atmosphere of the
District. But, one repeats, we are not all
of that kind. Some of us—a lot!—come from
rural districts which we leave for the first
time when we entrain for Washington; we
bring rural anti-city prejudices with us; we
are convinced that Wall street with its like
in other big cities is a den of highwaymen;
that only pickpockets, strumpets and rakes
promenade world-famous streets of Amer-
ica's great cities; that those who make their
money by big business are no better than
the lost, and that bankers and brokers are
worse than the lost.

That's no joke.
There is nothing in the life or atmos-
phere of Washington to overturn these solidly
built conclusions. They persist, and some
wonderful legislative notions find ex-
pressions therefrom. If one of the qualifi-
cations for election to Congress, either Sen-
ate or the House, were a year's residence
after majority in New Orleans, San Fran-
cisco, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia or New
York, it's person to peanuts we'd talk less
and legislate better.

Scared to Death

Until you've heard serious expression
given to it it is hard to believe that there
are men in Congress who are afraid to go
to New York. I suppose that a popular
brand of New York letter carried by many
tank station weekly papers must be respon-
sible for this wonder. Senator Hughes
when he was in the House had a pal from
a far-Southern State who, after many mis-
givings, agreed to go with Hughes on a
personally conducted trip to New York.
Near train time Hughes called for his friend,
and found him in his hotel room grunting
and sweating over his suitcase. After some
violent efforts he straightened up, holding
a six-shooter as long as his arm, remarking,
"I can't get it in the case now, I'll have
to pack it," and he started to conceal the
pistol in the ample tail pocket of his long
frock coat.

"Say," remarked Hughes wearily, "if you
carry that cannon into Manhattan the first
cop we meet will spot it, take it away from
you and slap you on the wrist."
"But, Billy," protested the Southerner, "do
you think I'm going to trust myself in New
York without taking a gun?"

Hughes was firm, but he had a hard time
inducing his friend to go unarmed into, as it
were, the jaws of death.

There was a member from Georgia, an
able lawyer, a good parliamentarian, honest,
sincere. On any subject not related to the
wickedness of New York's Money Devils he
debated brilliantly. If the House were going
into committee of the whole on a bill which
might summon the Money Devils to the floor,
Speaker Clark would sometimes call that
man, Roddenbury was his name, to the
chair, literally for the sake of his health.
He could not debate in the chair.

Roddenbury could throw himself into an
ecstasy of rage by repeating the names of
certain Money Devils and "trusts." He did
this one day, and I saw Doctor Wilson watch
him for a time, then move over to a seat
by his side. When Roddenbury sat down
he was white, trembling, exhausted.

"That chap is killing himself," Doctor
Wilson remarked. Roddenbury died a month
later; "heart failure."

It's a Question of Travel

Of course, a general retort to what I've
been saying would be that it is as desirable
that city members should know the country
as that country members should know the
city. True. Fortunately they do. City
people who can afford to travel much more
than do country people who can afford to.

So I shall not conceal from my readers
longer the prices paid for my driving at. The
national capital should be one of the nation's
great cities. Any of those few mentioned



THE TRUTH ABOUT THE "CITY OF HOMES"

Philadelphia's Disgraceful Tenements and Worse Indifference—Facts That
Every Citizen Should Know—Municipality and Workingman.

By C. H. LUDINGTON
President Octavia Hill Association

TEN years ago the idea that Philadelphia,
the "City of Homes," had no serious hous-
ing problem was prevalent. People thought
only of the steadily growing areas of com-
fortable small houses that were spreading
outward in all directions and complacently
assumed that there were no slum conditions
that menaced the health and moral well-being
of the community. Those who had studied
the matter, however, knew that while Phila-
delphia had no tenement-house problem such
as New York has, it had for years been de-
veloping conditions that were strikingly sim-
ilar to those of London, which has been con-
sidered one of the worst cities of Europe in
this regard.

Year by year since then the situation ex-
isting in this city has been brought before
the people and before the State and city gov-
ernments, and while some progress toward
improvement has been made, it has been rel-
atively small, and the conditions existing to-
day in large sections of the older part of the
city are a disgrace to a municipality of the
wealth and standing of Philadelphia.

No Immunity

More than a year ago the Legislature cre-
ated a Division of Housing and Sanitation
in the Department of Health and Charities
of Philadelphia, empowered to supervise and
control all housing and sanitary conditions
within the city, and today we find the city
Councils still stubbornly persisting in their
refusal to provide the necessary funds for or-
ganizing this division. It is perhaps too
much to expect an "organization"-controlled
body like Councils to take willingly any step
that would tend to make the exploitation of
the tenement-house districts less profitable,
but every enlightened self-interest should im-
pel every good citizen to demand action on
this really moderate step toward improve-
ment.

One of the marked features of this city is
that there is no clear separation of the busi-
ness and better residence sections on the one
hand from the so-called slums on the other.
Fifth-strewn, unhealthy alleys are found
near the business streets or just back of
handsome residences. The man or woman
who rubs elbows with you in the surface cars
may come directly from the alley house or
tenement where exist disease-breeding con-
ditions with which you would never know-
ingly venture into contact. These neglected
districts foster immorality and disease the
contagion of which permeates to the remotest
sections.

It is, of course, in the older portions of the
city that these more conspicuous and danger-
ous conditions prevail. In general, they may
be summed up as follows:

Hard Facts For a Polite World

First. An intricate network of alleys and
courts, covering the interiors of blocks and
the crowding together of houses so closely
that few of them have any open spaces at
the front or sides, and in many the only win-
dows are at the front, opening on narrow,
filthy courts with no possibility of thorough
ventilation.

Second. No underground drains in many
of these courts, refuse and slops going into
the gutters and frequently standing in foul,
stagnant pools at the house doors. Stables
are not uncommon in close proximity to
dwellings, with unprotected manure pits
sometimes next to the walls and under the
windows of small houses.

Third. The old evil of utterly inadequate
water supply has been in a large measure
remedied by the enforcement of the recent
act providing that every dwelling shall have
one fixture or source of supply except where
it is on a court or common front yard and
has no rear or side yard, when one fixture
may supply three houses. As regards toilet
accommodations, the conditions are still very
bad. Broken and defective plumbing is gen-
eral, and a large part of the tenants in these
houses are compelled to put up with closets
and privy vaults in a condition of which the
polite world would be unwilling to be told.

Where One Can't Be Decent

Fourth. There are some large tenements
built before the tenement house act of 1895
which are bad in type, but the great ma-
jority of the houses legally classed as tenements
are old "converted" dwelling houses,
originally built for one family, but now oc-
cupied by from two to six distinct house-
holds. Ten years ago the conditions in these
houses were deplorable, but the law govern-
ing them has now been enforced for many of
them.

The so-called "furnished-room" houses

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WHAT OF THE NIGHT

Master, what of the night?
Child, night is not at all
Anywhere, fallen or to fall.
Save in our star-stricken eyes.
Forth of our eyes it takes flight.
Look we but once not before
Not behind us, but straight on the skies.
Night is not then any more.